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[Translated by the Editor.]

A Review of the History of Music before Mozart.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 91.)

The application of music to theatrical representations goes back as far as these representations themselves. Already with the Greeks music was inseparable from tragedy and comedy; in the Middle Ages it bore a part in the sacred farces, which were called Mysteries, spiritual pieces and sacramental actions; at a later time they used it

in interludes and masques. In the ballets they had to have it; and after the pieces had assumed a more regular character, it served, as in our days, to fill up the interacts. Sometimes too, they introduced it into a work as a supplement or an episode. But none of these applications of music in theatrical pieces produced the musical drama, or was even the beginning of the same. Neither of them was a part of the fundamental principle, that song is the *natural language*, or the proper form of truth in Opera, as rhythmical verse is in Tragedy, and that for this reason it must never be interrupted, lest there arise a poetic contradiction and a lie. For the rest, there was more lack of knowledge how to set about it, than of correct æsthetic ideas. As yet there was no style suited to the theatre, and no one who would have understood the need of it. The dramatic style was of no advantage, so long as music did not identify itself with action, but appeared only as something superadded, which might be introduced or left out at arbitrary pleasure. Hymns and choruses of devils in choral song, popular melodies, dancing tunes, an alternation of instruments and sometimes a sort of musical recitation, full of the most nonsensical extravagance, like the *Ballet comique de la Roynie*, for example:—more than this the public taste did not desire, and in this spectacle everything was in perfect keeping with everything else. Poet and musician could embrace like brothers; neither had aught to object to the other, nor any cause for envy.

On the whole this style was still better than the madrigal style, which prevailed on the stage toward the end of the sixteenth century, of which the *Antiparnasso d' Orazio Vecchi*, played in Modena in the year 1581, affords a proof. In this *commedia armonica* the choruses and monologue together are written in madrigals. Imagine the hero of the piece relating his sorrows or his love in a fugued aria for five voices! The singers were stationed behind the scenes, and the actor, who for the sake of more complete illusion had to observe a singing attitude, performed, as I suppose, a corresponding pantomime.

Several noble Florentines, persons of mind and taste, with Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, at their head, keenly felt the ludicrousness of this application of the madrigal style to the theatre, and the injury that could not but accrue therefrom to the dramatic art. Count Vernio and his

* Performed at the Court of Henry III., king of France, in 1581.

numerous train of friends and *protégés* formed among themselves a literary circle, one of those thousand "Academies" with and without names, which at that time began to cover the peninsula. All these persons were Hellenists, Latinists, Bellettrists, Philologists and Archæologists, as well as dilettanti; but it seems that these associates were far better versed in Sophocles and Euripides, than they were in counterpoint. For this reason they must have had even less taste than others for the learned music of their time, which was so little favorable to dilettantism and which, to be enjoyed, required the studies and special knowledges of a professor. Especially offensive to them was the more than inhuman treatment, to which the contrapuntists subjected the poets. We have already seen what a disturbing effect the old fugue style had, not only upon the poetic harmony, but also upon the whole grammatical construction. They repeated the words *in infinitum*; they lengthened out syllables without rhyme or reason; they changed long into short and *vice versa*; they dismembered phrases without any mercy; they flung into your ear at the same time the beginning, middle and end of a sentence; the text was nothing but a maimed and undistinguishable corpse, of which it might be said without metaphor: *dissecta membra poetæ*. For a long time had this insolent contempt, or rather this juggling with the words excited the downright ill will of the literati. To reform the misuse of the music, as it was, would have been of little consequence; the fugue in its very nature was incorrigible. They had to annihilate it; they had to create a new music, which sounded differently from counterpoint and differently from the popular melodies, since these were not worthy to be united with the noble and classic poetry, which, no doubt, our *beaux esprits* of Florence wrote.

But whence should they derive the elements of this innovation? What model should they choose? with whom should they league themselves against the living musicians, if not with the dead, from whom all light and wisdom emanated? So they conjured up the spirit of the Greek music into the hall of the academic fraternity of the palace of Vernio, as the old lawgivers of Harmony had also done six or seven centuries before. This time the spectre answered unintelligibly to the questions put to it. They amused themselves no more with commenting upon Boethius; they let theory alone, and held on exclusively to some ideas, which appeared as certain as they were

clear, and from which they could derive an immediate and practical advantage. It was then clearly proved, that the Greeks recited their theatrical pieces with musical accompaniment from beginning to end; that they possessed instruments, which supported and accompanied the voice; that their choruses sang in chorus and their principal characters alone; that their song-speech differed not much from the rising and falling of the voice in words; that they had, properly speaking, no rhythm, &c., &c. These points fixed, and under the personal guidance of Count Vernio, Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the great Galilei, and one of the most zealous champions against the music of the day, made an attempt at a *Monody* (song in one part, solo) or declamation by means of notes. He recited, as well as he could, a passage from Dante, the episode of Count Ugolino, accompanying himself with the lute; and the whole academy clapped its hands with rapture at the this time genuine re-birth of the ancients. All were of opinion that the modern counterpoint would have to crumble into dust before this phantom, which had about as little form as substance, and which was baptized with the name *stilo nuovo*, *stilo rappresentativo* or *recitativo*, and *musica parlante*. There were, as history informs us, many persons, who made merry about Galilei and his rude style. These were ignoramuses, contrapuntists and melodists, who understood nothing of the speaking music, because it talked Greek to them, which to these people was the same as Hebrew.

Highly elated by this success in a small sphere, the society of Vernio resolved to undertake lofty invention on a grand scale, namely on the theatre, which they were to remould, reducing the music to silence and the poetry to singing; since the latter had for a long time ceased to sing, although it obstinately insisted that it sang. The plan was no sooner sketched than it was put into execution. Rinuccini, one of the poets of the company, made the poem; two other members, who called themselves musicians, Peri and Caccini, to whom Monteverde afterwards added himself, set the declamation and the orchestral accompaniment to notes; and all Florence, full of admiration, applauded the successive representations of *Dafne*, *Eurydice*, *Ariana*, *Orfeo* and other pieces, which are justly considered as the beginning of opera, although no play in the world could be less like it. The reader shall judge for himself.

PROLOGUE TO "EURIDICE,"

Sung by Tragedy herself, and repeated through seven stanzas.

Jo che d'alti sos - pir Va - ga e di pian - ti

Spars' or di Doglia, or di minaccelli Vo-to Fel neg' lampi Te-

atri al po - pol' fol - to sco - lo - rir di pie - tà vol -

ti e sem-bian-ti.

But does not every lover of music prefer to this music, which speaks and says absolutely nothing, this harmonic and melodic nullity, these murderous fifths and octaves, the following:

O - ri - en - tis par - ti - bus, ad - ven -

ta - vit A - si - mus, pulcher et for - tis - si -

mus, Sar-ci - nis ap-thi-si - mus. Hoz sir A - ne - hez?

this song as old as the hills, which was sung at certain festivals all through the middle ages?

At the same time we must not overlook the fact, that at the time of Giovanni Bardi, the works of Palestrina and Allegri already existed; there were church concertos by Viadana, which, without ceasing to be church-like, were yet very melodious; there were the madrigals of Lucca Marenzio, in which some grace and elegance glimmered through the fugue; there were the madrigals of Monteverde, which had more and better melody than those of Marenzio; there were even the pretty Neapolitan songs, and others, of which we have spoken; in a word, there was good music. To pique oneself then upon so poor a discovery as the *stilo nuovo*, and prefer it greatly to other productions, some of which were excellent, others genial and full of art, and others again pleasing and intelligible to every one, one must needs not only not trouble himself about music, but not even feel it. From this it is clear, that the notion of these moderns turned upon a literary reformation, whose results would surely kill the music and only keep the words alive. They meant to exercise the right of retaliation upon the musicians.

But, I shall be asked, since Count Vernio and his friends were such poor music-lovers, why did they have their theatrical pieces sung in this way, when the worst ordinary declamation would have been a thousand times better? But do not forget that this protector of writers was himself a very zealous Hellenist, and that in this capacity he must have seen the perfection of the dramatic art in an indissoluble union of poesy with song; a song, to be sure, which was the slave of the words, without melody and without harmony, precisely as that of the Greeks was. He deceived himself, as we see, as well in his view of the drama in general, as about the means of the lyric drama in particular; he was deceived altogether; and it was his very errors, his prejudices as a scholar, that led him to so true and so logical a conclusion, in an inverse sense, to-wit: that what was needed on the stage before all was a speaking music (speaking in every sense; that is to say imitative, analogous, expressive in itself, and therefore just the opposite of his music); and secondly, that the music must never suffer any interruption, after it has once fairly engaged in the action. For Vernio this meant as much as no harmony, no melody and no musical expression. But to us it

means their uninterrupted continuance. To the inventors of *Monody*, then, belongs the singular glory, of having set forth indeed the true principles, but with a perverted explanation, and if possible a still worse application. It was with them precisely as it was with the alchemists. They found nothing of what they sought, neither the antique song-speech, nor the Greek tragedy, nor its wonderful effects; but the pursuit of this sort of philosopher's stone opened the way to very interesting and valuable discoveries of another kind. Apart from the archaeological reveries and the absurdity of the means they employed, there lay something very rational in the fundamental thought of these Florentine scholars. To restore to the poet his right of being understood, and to knit music to the piece by lasting and indissoluble ties, the necessity whereof no one until then had comprehended, was virtually expressing the great principle of lyric-dramatic truth in its whole extent. An enlightened and fruitful principle, which would necessarily in a later epoch and in more skillful hands bring masterpieces to light. For the learned world it was enough, to have spoken of the path into which it would be best to strike; but there they were destined to stand still and not point out the line of march. All the rest was the affair of the musicians.

It is true, there was a very learned man, Monteverde, who from the outset mingled in the *stilo nuovo* enterprise. Monteverde was the renovator of another kind, and as such exposed to the censure of his brethren. The chagrin occasioned by these criticisms, which frequently were too well deserved, the hope of distinguishing himself in a new career, and perhaps some prompting devil or other, induced him to make speaking music, and while he wished to surpass Peri and Caccini, he spoke even much worse than these men.* It was a just punishment for his apostasy. For a vain idol he had renounced the worship of counterpoint, to which his calling and his real feelings led him. The intolerable theatrical composer afterwards became an excellent first chapel-master to the Church of St. Mark in Venice.

While the Florentine society was applying the representative style to the profane drama, a Roman nobleman, Emilio del Cavaliere, made an attempt at Sacred Drama, or Oratorio.—Geniuses are sometimes met with, as well as elegant wits. The Oratorio was a continuation of the old "Mysteries" or "Sacred Transactions," which were no longer played, but which continued to be sung in some of the churches at Rome, to attract the multitude. By an exception, however, or a favor, the reason whereof history does not disclose, this sacred drama of Cavaliere's, which was called *L'Anima et il Corpo* (The Soul and the Body), was produced in Rome with dances, decorations and all the conditions of an actual play, in a theatre, which lies in the immediate vicinity of the Church of Santa Maria della Vallicella. Cavaliere's Recitative appears to me somewhat less bad than that of the Florentines, inasmuch as it approaches nearer to the church song. The choruses are not worth talking about.

A third form, which the representative music soon assumed, was the Chamber Cantata or reciting Drama, which, connected from the first with the fate of the Opera, underwent all its gradual modifications, produced masterpieces under the pens of Carissimi and Scarlatti, and as a

* So I judge from the examples found in Burney.

form became extinct in the wonderful *Orfeo* of Pergolese.

The introduction of speaking music had an equally immense result in the sacred as in the profane drama. How are we to explain the applause bestowed on this monotonous and soporific recitation, this tedious psalmodizing, whose form and accent the Russian beggars alone seem to have preserved? This is not the most graceful manner, I admit, of begging alms; but, I maintain, it is the surest way to get it. The most confessed miser could not resist such an appeal two minutes. And yet the *beau monde* of the seventeenth century endured this singing, which lasted whole hours long, yes, and applauded it, was in raptures, inspired, enchanted with it! Was it the music of Peri and Caccini, that produced this? No, certainly not; one must be more than credulous, to believe that. The men of that time had nerves as well as we; and if anything in the opera pleased them, surely it was not the music; but many other things, which claimed their interest and their feelings, prevented their receiving the entire impression of this music, and made them as it were insensible. The opera at that time was an amusement for princes, a rare and brilliant spectacle, reserved for festival occasions only, whereat the whole pomp of the Court and splendor of the most festal gala was unfolded. *Eurydice*, for example, was given during the festivities on occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. with Maria di Medicis. If one had the honor to be admitted to festivals of this sort, he felt too comfortable and too happy; at all events the eyes were much too busy, to allow of analyzing the elements of a play with a calmly attentive and critical spirit. The *ensemble* of the spectacle delighted the beholders, and this delight extended also to the music, to which they scarcely listened.

Moreover, one fact stands established, which proves to demonstration into what contempt the speaking music fell with the Italians from the moment that the novelty was over. After the opera had descended from its lofty sphere, and become transformed into a mere industrial enterprise, the *Impresa*, which happened about the middle of the seventeenth century, the *entrepreneurs* in their announcements mentioned neither the name of the poet nor of the composer. On the contrary the name of the machinist was printed in big letters. So words and music passed for nothing in the opera! Naturally an exhibition, so entirely empty in both these respects, could only interest and sustain itself by great scenic outlay. Recourse was necessarily had to all the childish tricks, which catch the eye; mythological divinities were suspended by cords from heaven, or ascended through trap-doors out of Tartarus; the stage swarmed with nymphs and satyrs, whose gambols, peals of laughter, jokes, and amorous toyings charmed the public; and, to crown all these wonders, they made whole squadrons of cavalry manoeuvre on the stage in pieces, in which the heroes of Greek and Roman history appeared; the public was more interested in the horses than in the riders, as might be expected. Between these two classes of persons there was not an equal chance. The singers did not sing and scarcely played, whereas the horses of the seventeenth century may be supposed to have possessed some of the talents of our horses.

The play in Italy, then, was constructed precisely

like that afterwards in France, which the contemporaries of Louis XIV. regarded as the general focus of the fine arts, and as the wonder of wonders. Quinault, the king's twenty-four violins and, above all, the money of the king, gave to Baptiste Lulli in fact some advantage over his Italian predecessors; Boileau was not the less the best judge in France, when he said, that nowhere can one have such costly ennui as at the Opera.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.
CRITIC AND DILETTANT.
FROM GOETHE.

A child there was and he had a dove,
Right fair of plumage and gay,
Which he fed from his mouth, with heartiest love,
In a pleasant and childlike way;
And so proud of his beautiful dove had he grown
He could not enjoy his treasure alone.

An old fox dwelt in the neighborhood near—
A talkative fox and instructive to hear,
Who for many an hour the child had enchanted
With wondrous tough stories himself had invented.

"I must show my dove to the fox, I ween!"—
So he ran and found him stretched out in his lair—
"See, fox, my dear little dove so fair!
Such a beautiful dove hast thou ever yet seen?"

"Give't here"—the boy gives it—"Hum, well, 'twill do,
But, after all, 'tis only so-so;
The feathers, for example, are too short by far"—
And begins to pluck the poor pigeon bare.

The boy screamed—"Stouter feathers you must pat in it,
For beauty or for flying,"—
So 'twas stripped—"the abortion!"—tears it up in a
minute—

The child broken-hearted was dying.

Whoever himself in the boy can read,
Of foxes let him take careful heed.

MUSOPHILUS.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Old Hundred, and Mr. Havergal's Letter.

Dear Sir:—"When a writer speaks somewhat as an oracle he cannot be too discreet or too careful." Very true; and equally true, when a writer does not speak as an oracle, but contents himself with insinuating literary dishonesty, affectation of learning, and ignorance on the part of another. Whatever indiscretions the Diary in your journal may exhibit, in all questions of fact, there has been no want of care, notwithstanding which errors will sometimes creep in. Even in the article on Havergal's History of the Old Hundredth, care enough was exercised, though perhaps I may as well admit the want of discretion, exhibited, in an unenlightened citizen of this barbarous land daring to speak of the work of an Englishman, and giving it his hearty approbation. Now I think of it, there is something of presumption—a want of proper modesty—in an American having an opinion of his own, and venturing to speak of it. The statement that I studied the question of the authorship of "Old 100" "some years ago" and came to similar conclusions with Mr. H., seems as hard for him to believe as it was for Le Verrier and the French mathematicians to believe in the labors of Adams. Such however, O Mr. H., is the melancholy fact. We on this side the water will give you credit for no new theory on the origin of "Old 100;" we do praise you for having written an interesting history of the tune, and for having laid a long vexed question at rest.

The precise epoch of the "some years ago" was 1845-7; at which time I was assistant Libra-

rian at Harvard College, and devoted a world of unrewarded time, labor and money in the collection of materials for the publication of specimens of New England Psalmody from 1620 down to 1800; which publication was so well thought of by the public that it went no farther than the prospectus issued at the time. As all the early psalmody of New England came from Europe, the proposed work led me into a careful study of Sternhold and Hopkins, Ainsworth, Ravenscroft, &c. Dr. T. W. Harris, our head Librarian—who, though only known in England as "The American Entomologist,"* it is well known here brings his uncommon talents for investigation to bear most successfully in all sorts of antiquarian researches—will well remember, I doubt not, our study of Hawkins, Burney, and all the old psalters, Bibles, psalm books, missals &c., in the Library. We differed on some points, but concluded that all the earliest tunes of the Protestants must have been adaptations of strains made familiar to them before they ceased attending the intoned and enchanted services of Catholicism. This was a point of which I never lost sight during my residence in Germany in 1849-51, and one to which I shall devote further labor on my return thither some few weeks hence. The Doctor will remember also our comparison of early specimens of psalmody as given by Hawkins, Burney, and in Sternhold and Hopkins, and Ainsworth, with the music on those few parchment leaves of an ancient missal in the Library—which is considered a great curiosity to our American visitors, though in England it would be no more "curious" than the specimens of "Old 100," which I copied. are there. I used the word "curious," by the way, in a sense, which Webster even will hardly justify, though a very common Americanism—that is as equivalent to "odd," "funny," or "queer;" and, read in this sense, one will see that my remarks and examples were not intended for Mr. Havergal's instruction, but for the benefit of Dwight's subscribers, of whom I am happy to learn Mr. H. is one. Now these specimens may be very "curious" in the true sense of the word to American readers; many things are objects of curiosity in America which are not so in England—a live Lord, or a fox-hunting parson, for instance.

Now in the matter of the tune in question. Long before Mr Havergal's name ever penetrated our wilderness, or his lamp had tried to shine in presence of our luminaries, the question of the authorship of "Old 100" had been discussed, and particular attention drawn to it in this country. Witness the notes accompanying the tune in the Psalter and other books published ten years since; the letter in the *Puritan*, of which Mr. H. speaks so contemptuously, is another case in point, and had Dwight's Journal been in existence "some years ago," perhaps the infliction of Mr. H.'s History might have been saved; who knows? The tune has been ascribed in various American books, not only to Luther, Goudimel, Guillaume Franc, but to Dowland, Claude le Jeune, and I think still to others. It is frequently called a German Choral. (Unluckily I am writing more than two hundred miles from the place where my collection of psalm-books is cased up for safe keeping, or I would specify more particularly.)

Taking it for true that some one of these credits was correct, there is enough in Burney and Hawkins to lead one to decide upon Franc, as the introducer of the tune, while the manner in which he is spoken of naturally led us to include his tunes among those which we supposed had been transferred from the Catholic service. What was a mere matter of opinion with us, Mr. Havergal seems to have made a certainty.

* I find this title given him in an English dedication.

After all, the main object of the article in the *Diary* was to give something in relation to the history of "Old 100" in America. Will Mr. H. give us some additional information on this topic? We will gladly trim our lamp by his luminary.

Why does Mr. H. quote a part of one of my sentences for the purpose of a sneer, and omit the qualifying phrase? I repeat, "As there could be no temptation whatever to write a fable, I believe the writer in the *Puritan* to be in the right, unless there is a typographical error." I do hope we shall hear from him. It is possible, however, that the writer in the *Puritan* may have drawn upon Hawkins and Burney for materials of his sketch—but why need Mr. Havergal accuse him of falsehood?

I am sorry to write so long a letter, but charges may be expressed or implied in far fewer words than a defence requires. Only a few words more. For more than two centuries psalmody was almost exclusively our music. For the last half century a hundred fold more volumes of psalm tunes have probably been sold in this country than in the world beside. I suppose a million copies sold of Mr. Lowell Mason's books during the last five years is a small estimate. It is a branch of music with which we are familiar, which we study, for which Europe has been "ransacked" for tunes and melodies, and in which we have made attainments. I "guess" that in the last new book published in London for congregational singing, Mr. Mason's four-part arrangements will be found the only ones at the same time correct, elegant, and practicable. It is natural then to suppose that some of us may have been led "some years ago" even to have turned our attention to the history of this branch of music, and that some success may have followed our efforts, though having no better means of study than are afforded at Harvard College, the Antiquarian Library at Worcester, the Theological Library at Andover, that of the Historical Society of Massachusetts, and so on, and the noble collection of Bibles, and Psalms, made by Mr. Livermore of Cambridge (Mass.), Dr. Robbins of Hartford, and so forth. When we remember that English literature is indebted to an American sailor for a translation of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*, we thank God, and take courage.

As to Mr. Havergal's book going begging for a publisher, I do not see the "meanness" charged. The mistake arose out of a conversation in the office where the book was published, and, naturally pleased at this compliment to American enterprise, I noted it down as a fact. There is nothing criminal in a mistake, I hope, honestly made.

And so, with more thanks to Mr. Havergal for his book than for his letter, I remain,

Yours in the good cause,

ALEXANDER W. THAYER.

Clara Novello at the Sydenham Crystal Palace—Letter from Mary Cowden Clarke.

[Extract from a private letter communicated to the *Evening Post*.]

"In singing the national anthem of 'God save the Queen,' after the first two stanzas have been sung by the whole orchestra, the third is invariably sung in solo, by some clear, distinct feminine voice, after which the whole choir take up the chorus. The effect of this chorus is very fine. This was intended as the grand opening of the Crystal Palace by the Queen, but it was averred that no human voice was capable of being heard in that enormous space, but if any it was 'the Novello's.' Accordingly, Costa asked her to come down quietly to Sydenham last Sunday morning to meet him, and ascertain the exact truth of the matter. She and her husband, Charles and I, drove down in her carriage through the charming

Dulwich lanes, and were there joined by my brother. Costa was punctual, and we had not been five minutes in the building before we went over to the other end of the great transept, far beyond where the Queen's dais is to be, and stood on the spot where the orchestra will be stationed. The experiment answered triumphantly. Her voice rang out pure and large and trumpet-like. Costa shouted gleefully his confirmation in Italian, while he and Count Gigliucci, Clara's husband, came hurrying back, the expression in their faces fully showing the complete success of the trial. It has always been affirmed that no single voice could make itself effectively heard in that vast edifice, and now Clara's is pronounced the one that can. Afterwards, Clara made a further trial, for our satisfaction, and what do you think it was? She went to the extreme end of the edifice, and Charles, Alfred and I went to the extreme other end. The first building measured one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one feet in length, and this one many feet longer! It was so far, that at last we could only see her a speck in the distance. When she arrived she telegraphed to us by waving her parasol, a white one, and I answered by waving mine in reply. Then she sang the verse, and the effect was one of the most curious I ever heard in my life, and almost supernaturally beautiful; it was like an angel—clear, sweet and exquisitely distinct, but remote. 'God save our gracious Queen.' It came trilling and vibrant, but singularly distinct. It produced an impression that I shall never forget, if I live a hundred years. How I did long that our beloved mother could have been there to have heard her child utter such wondrous proof of the glorious gift that God has bestowed on her! We always knew that Clara's voice was extraordinarily powerful, in combination with its delicious sweetness; but we never could have believed the extent of its power had we not actually made this curious experiment. Charles and Alfred both smiled when she proposed it; they could hardly believe it possible that a human organ could be heard, when we measured the extent with our eye. We had rather a curious additional proof again; for after we had been rambling about, enjoying the admirable assemblage of grand beauties brought together there under one roof—the Alhambra Court, the Greek Court, the Egyptian Court, the Pompeian Court, &c.—several distinguished gentlemen belonging to the Crystal Palace, such as Sir Joseph Paxton, Sir Charles Fox, &c., arrived, and after my sister had been introduced to them, she was asked whether she could be prevailed upon to repeat the trial verse, that they might hear and enjoy it also. She had no sooner acceded and sung it through once more, than several visitors, who had by this time come and were dispersed through the building, came flocking up the aisles to listen; thus affording strong proof how the tones penetrated in all parts of that vast and wondrous labyrinth. You may imagine how happily we all drove home together, chatting her triumph over."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XLIX.

June 22.—I have been greatly delighted to-day at our Institution for the Blind, to note the success of Mr. Root in his capacity of musical instructor. It was the first time that I had heard his class sing, and I was not prepared for the skill to which the members had attained. It was not that they sang in any better time or tune than I expected to hear, but that, in as good time and tune as we are in the habit of hearing simple melodies with a common chord accompaniment, they sang the pieces on the following superb programme:

Voluntary on the Organ. One of the Pupils.
Chorus: "Glory be to God on high," from the 12th Mass.
Band: "Polish Quick Step." Mozart.
Chorus: "Thanks be to God," from Elijah. A. Reiff.
Trio: "Lift thine Eyes," from Elijah. Mendelssohn.
Semi-chorus and Chorus: "Daughters of Israel," from David. Neukomm.
Band: "Grand March." Welsh.
Semi-chorus: "Silent Night," Von Weber.
Chorus: "Then round about the starry throne," from Samson. Handel.

Solo and Quartet: "He thee, Shallop." Kücken.
Chorus and Trio: "The Heavens are telling," from the Creation. Haydn.
Band: "Turkish March." German.
Semi-chorus: "Beautiful Primrose." Mendelssohn.
Solo and Chorus: "Inflammatus," from Stabat Mater, Rossini.
Semi-chorus: "Good Morning." Benner.
Chorus: "Hallelujah to the Father," from Mount of Olives. Beethoven.

Mr. R. informs me that he has resigned his place in the Spingler and Rutgers Institutes for the purpose of devoting himself more exclusively to his Normal Music School, which he hopes to make a permanent affair.

Now, when we consider the immense amount of money which is paid in this city for singers in the legion of churches, why cannot some arrangement be made to enlarge this school at least to such an extent as to supply a certain number of singers annually from the graduating classes? How many excellent voices might in this way get at least a fair training, and how many worthy, deserving girls and young men of real musical talent might thus get a start in the profession!

One meets continually with young men and young girls of sixteen to eighteen years who would willingly give their services for one, two or three years in return for the opportunity of getting a good musical training. Abroad we know this is a most common practice in the case of boys; indeed in some of the cathedrals the boys get a complete musical education and a salary besides, I believe. Here we want sopranos and altos of the other sex. Why not educate them? Does not rich Dr. A., or Gen. B., or Esq. C., or the great merchant D., who has so much influence in his parish, feel as willing to pay his share in educating a singer to supply his Sunday service with music, as his share in the large salary which Mrs. or Madame, or Signora, or Signorita, or Fraulein, or Miss So & So now gets in the same place?

People are beginning to admit that America can produce good voices. Why not establish a good school to train them? Would that some of the Lind, Sontag and Alboni money had been given to this end!

Well, it would seem that Mr. Root is trying to make a beginning. Shall he not succeed?

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Don Giovanni* has been given for the third time. Cruvelli's Donna Anna is pronounced one of the grandest performances of the modern stage. (Cruvelli, by the way, is not an Italian, having been born at Bielefeld, in Westphalia.) Bosio, too, was encoined in *Batti, batti, and Vedrai carino*, as also Tamberlik in *Il mio tesoro*.—A repetition of *I Puritani* was interrupted in the middle by the sudden illness of Mario; but, thanks to the presence of Bosio, Ronconi, Lablache and Tagliafico, the *Barbiere* was substituted.—Thursday, June 1st, was a gala night; Grisi in her grand part of Norma, and the first of her twelve farewell representations. Lablache was Oroveso. The newspapers celebrate the triumphs of the "Diva" as loudly as ever.—The next event was the return of Mme. Viardot, after three years' absence, and the performance of the *Prophète*.

It is well known that both the poet and the composer had this lady in view in writing the part of Fides; and Meyerbeer would not permit the opera to be produced till she could appear in it. Of course, since the *Prophète* has become popular throughout Europe, Fides has had many representatives; but no one has been able to efface the impression originally made by Madame Viardot. She never performed it more superbly than she did last night. She appears to be full of health and vigor; her voice is fresh, mellow, and flexible; and her strength of intellect and depth of feeling are as unrivalled as ever. The effect she produced was as great as on the night the opera was first performed.

Tamberlik's John of Leyden was likewise a triumphant performance. In some of the most impassioned scenes his powerful and piercing voice gave him the advantage even over Mario; but he does not look the character as Mario did, nor clothe it with such lofty and sustained grandeur.

Grisi has also appeared in *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mario and Ronconi.

ROYAL OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Since our last summary, the pieces have been *Lucia di Lammermoor* (in Italian), with Sims Reeves as Edgardo, Don Juan, *Fra Diavolo*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Der Freyschütz*. In the

latter, Mme. Rudersdorff's Agatha is said to be the best yet seen in England.

THEATRE LYRIQUE.—A portion of this company from Paris have commenced a series of twenty-two comic operas at the St. James's Theatre, the real object being to give the English public a chance to hear Mme. MARIE CABEL, who has made so much stir of late in Paris. The following is from the *Morning Chronicle* of June 8th:

The history of Mme. Cabel is somewhat curious. About four years ago she appeared at the Opera Comique with such equivocal success that her engagement was soon cancelled. It is to be presumed that after this, being satisfied of her inefficiency, she studied her art with zeal and assiduity, for subsequently in a short time we find her creating a considerable sensation in Brussels and other towns in Belgium. Last October the management of the Théâtre Lyrique had the good fortune to secure her services for the theatre; and up to the present moment she has proved the principal attraction of the establishment. Mme. Cabel is a vocalist of high pretensions. Her voice is a true soprano, clear and bright, exceedingly manageable, but not of the most beautiful quality. Her method and style are decidedly French, and she possesses some of the defects of the worst school of singing. But the vocal excellencies of Mme. Cabel outweigh her defects. Her voice is always in tune, she executes the most rapid passages with the greatest precision and facility, and her manner is prepossessing to a degree. Unfortunately Mme. Cabel had not the best opportunity of signaling herself last night, the opera chosen for her debut having so little merit as to prove anything but agreeable to the audience. Besides this, the music of the opera—written, we believe, especially for Mme. Cabel—is singularly unvoiced, and extremely difficult. Notwithstanding these serious drawbacks, her talents could not be concealed, and we have seldom witnessed more genuine and well-merited success in any theatre. The opera selected was *Le Bijou Perdu* of M. Adolph Adam, a composer who stands high in the estimation of the Parisian public, but who out of his own country is little known or little admired. Mme. Cabel was but tolerably supported. The *troupe* is not the *élite* of the Théâtre Lyrique, although the distribution of characters embraces for the most part the original cast when *Le Bijou Perdu* was first brought out in Paris.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The novelty of the seventh concert was Robert Schumann's Symphony in B flat (the same known in a degree in Boston). The first hearing appears to have confirmed all the English prejudices, all the critics chiming sympathetically with the following from the *Daily News*:

To be original is the great object of Schumann and the composers of his stamp; and they are original; though not, as Mozart and Beethoven were, by the irresistible impulse of nature, but by deliberate and laborious effort. Nature has made metrical rhythm an essential quality of music, and the greatest musicians, following nature, have made their melodies pleasing to every ear. But the new school stigmatize regularity of rhythm as something antiquated—as belonging to the days of perukes and gold-headed canes—and avoid it by every device they can think of; by forming phrases of irregular numbers of bars, by evading or interrupting the closes wherever the ear would naturally expect them; and by substituting, for the plain and clear harmonies obviously dictated by the melodic phrase, extraneous combinations which disguise its character. In this way the ear is constantly teased by disappointments, and tormented by discordant crudities. The listener makes wry faces, but admits that all this is new at least, and perhaps acquires a relish for it, in the same way as an Englishman in Germany comes to sour-kraut and other Teutonic dainties. The symphony in question is a specimen of this species of music. It is of great length, consisting of five movements elaborately worked out. The score is very full and the loud instruments are in constant action with very little relief to the ear, the quiet and soft passages being few and far between. There is abundance of contrivance and complexity, but whenever there is some indication of a pleasing melody, it is forthwith lost and vanished, leaving nothing but disappointment behind. The scherzo is the best movement; its subject is rhythmical and animated. The finale, to our ear, was little better than an accumulation of noises. This symphony was evidently not relished—it was listened to with marked coldness.

But Beethoven's second symphony, on the same evening, made amends apparently for all. Besides which they had three overtures—"all of them works of the first class"—namely, *Leonora* (?), and *Ruy Blas*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The third season has been brought to a close "in a manner honorable to its founder and principal director, Dr. Wyde." During the season the following works have been performed:

SYMPHONIES:—*Eroica*, Beethoven. In F, No. 8, Beethoven. In B flat, Beethoven. Choral, Beethoven. A minor, Mendelssohn. C minor, Beethoven.

OVERTURES:—*Medea*, Cherubini. *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn. *Ahoy Hassan*, Weber. *Mosquellu*, Anber. *Schäuspiel Director*, Mozart. *Leonora*, Beethoven. "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn. "Egmont," Beethoven. "Ruler of the Spirits," Weber.

PIANOFORTE CONCERTOS:—Concerto in D minor—Miss Arabella Goldard—Mozart. Serenade in B minor—Mlle. Græver—Mendelssohn. Concerto in G minor—Mlle. Wilhelmina Clauss—Mendelssohn. Concerto in G—Master John Barnett—Beethoven. Concerto in D minor—M. Hallé—Mendelssohn. Violin Concerto—Herr Ernst—Mendelssohn.

A Selection from the *Passions Music of St. Mathew*, by Bach. Cantata, "The Calm at Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Beethoven.

COMPOSITIONS BY LIVING COMPOSERS.—Overture, *Naiades*, Sterndale Bennett. Overture, *Der standhafte Prinz*, Lindpaintner. Music to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Wyde. Overture, *Die Corsen*, Lindpaintner. Overture, *Minnesänger*, Benedict. "Immanuel," (a Selection from), Leslie. Overture, "Comus," Horsley. Overture, "Olivier Brussen, Silas. Overture, Praeger. Overture, *Tannhäuser*, Wagner.

MILTON'S "COMUS."—Mr. C. E. Horsley has given a Concert, at which he introduced his new setting of Milton's masque, apologizing in a note for a few liberties taken with the words.

Mr. Horsley is a student in the school of Mendelssohn, and all his works bear a strong impress of that master's style. Hence the music of Mr. Horsley's *Comus* is not so thoroughly English as such a work should be. The previous settings of Milton's words by Lawes, Arne, &c. crude, antiquated and trivial as they may appear, when compared with the modern development of the art, must at least be allowed the merit (and a very great one it is) of being thoroughly national in spirit and conception—of being a sympathetic reflection, in music, of the language of the text which they illustrate. Now, Mr. Horsley's *Comus* is so thoroughly German in style, and so constantly reminds us of Mendelssohn's works, that the effect is extremely anomalous. This is to be regretted, as Mr. Horsley has talents and knowledge of orchestral effect, which only require to be allied to a little more independence of thought to enable him to produce something of which he may justly be proud. Making these allowances, however, there is some very clever writing in Mr. Horsley's new work. We would especially instance the chorus at the words:

Come knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round.

The different parts of the chorus, entering one after the other, in the manner of a round, supported by a light and delicate orchestral accompaniment, had a very charming effect. The following dance time, or "measure," is exceedingly quaint and characteristic, and if not a veritable old composition introduced, is a very good imitation. The song of Sabrina, "By the rushy fringed bank," charmingly sung by Miss Dolby, is one of the best things in the work. The instrumentation is novel and elegant. Altogether "Comus" reflects credit on Mr. Horsley, and was received with considerable applause by a crowded room. Madame Clara Novello was the Lady, Miss Dolby Sabrina, M. Sims Reeves the attendant Sprite, and Herr Formes Comus.

CRYSTAL PALACE BRASS BAND.—A Band of sixty instruments has been organized for the Palace, under the direction of Mr. Schallehn, formerly band-master of the 17th Lancers. It is composed as follows:

2 Piccolo cornets, E flat	2 Flügel horns, B flat
7 Sop. chromatic horns, do.	4 Trombones
2 Saxophone, sop. B flat	1 Euphonium, C
2 do alto, E flat	1 Bass tuba, B flat
4 do tenor, B flat	1 Bombardon, F
12 Cornet-à-Pistons	1 do ordinary pistons
4 French horns	2 Contra bass tubas, E flat
1 soloist-horn barytone, B flat	2 Side drums
1 Alto horn, E flat	1 Pair of kettle drums
1 do B flat	1 Cymbal drum, side
4 Trumpets	1 Pair of cymbals
2 Flügel horns, C	1 Triangle

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1854.

☞ In continuing our translation of the instructive review of the History of Music, by the Russian biographer of Mozart, we come to-day upon a portion which we had already printed as separate extracts in the earliest numbers of our Journal, two years since. For the sake of unbroken continuity, and for the sake of many readers who were not subscribers then, we have thought it best to repeat that portion in the regular course, supplying the omissions of the former extracts.

A Coronation at the Crystal Palace.

The first "Olympian Festival" of "High Art," as some would have it, in America, came to an orthodox conclusion with laurels,—golden laurels, as befitting (we presume) the genius of our country. M. JULLIEN has been crowned, as it were,

Art-Emperor of this whole Western world, and a first Olympiad dated from the first American Musical Congress at the Crystal Palace in this ever memorable year of our Lord, 1854. Such, we suppose, is the sublime light in which we are expected to regard those great extempore displays of last week, by the prime movers and chief priests and scribes thereof.

To genius like that of Barnum, and of Jullien (whom a writer in the *Transcript* has described as "Barnum set to music"), there are no great occasions, they have such a way of multiplying great occasions into every-day affairs, and offering them to us faster even than our ordinary meals and sleep can be got through with:—so that we poor mortals must become Olympian gods, unknowing care or slumber, to live up to our golden opportunities under the miraculous dispensation of these mighty showmen. The "Musical Congress" proper (duly described by our reporter last week) was immediately followed by the announcement of a nightly series of "Congresses," which were given every evening in the Palace for ten days or more, with all the pomp and prestige of the first announcement, but necessarily in fact on a reduced scale, both of performers, audience and programme. Some of the principal soloists, and of the local choral societies, the Germania Orchestra and Dodworth's Band, were united for the purpose with the residuum of Jullien's own, amounting still to quite a formidable army of musicians. The programmes were essentially of the same stamp with those of Jullien's ordinary concerts.

One of these was a Sunday evening concert, Mr. Barnum having formally proclaimed the "good time come" at length when, in his judgment, Christendom was ripe for this great innovation. But alas! he was making altogether too light account of the pious conservatism of New Yorkers. He had all the religious and half the secular and the satanic press about his ears at once. Pretty well, is it not, for New York to be always taunting Boston with its old strait-laced Puritanical scruples, when we here have had our Sunday evening oratorios and concerts for these five and twenty years at least!

But the crowning climax of the Congress was the night when Jullien was crowned. Last Monday evening was the grand benefit *Concert d'Adieu* and "positively last appearance in America" of the Napoleon of conductors. The programme contained all that is most brilliantly Jullienesque:—both the "American" and the "Fireman's" Quadrilles; the war marches, quick-steps, songs and hymns of the present belligerent nations of Europe; and the Andante from a grand Symphony, by Jullien, entitled "The Last Judgment" (!), with seven trumpets *obligato*, played by Koenig, Duhem, Dodsworth, &c., &c. We had supposed the height of sublimity attained in one of those ineffable Jullien *quadrilles*: what would he not do then in a grand Symphony, and with a subject so stupendous! If that "Yankee Doodle" insolence, which Jullien has taxed all the orchestral powers to glorify, to the delight of fillibustering amateurs and critics, could but be made to quail before the thought of the "last trump," there would be more hope, we fancy, for our dear country, both artistically and socially. The report of this musical Last Judgment has not yet reached us; perhaps the effect was great enough to paralyze the telegraphic wires, like natural storms and lightnings. But all

accounts agree about the immense crowd and enthusiasm of the occasion, which reached its highest expression in the following preconcerted episode, as described in the *New York Times* of the next day:

After the performance of the Cornet solo by Herr Koenig, Mr. Fry, the composer, stepped on the dais, and after an effective speech presented M. Jullien with a magnificent golden chaplet; crowning him Laureate. The wreath is of the orthodox bays fashion, and exceedingly well executed. A golden tablet accompanies the memorial, on which this complimentary address is inscribed:

"TO M. JULLIEN.

"A Laureate from 1500 performers at the First Musical Congress in America, and from thirty thousand of his true friends and admirers present in the Crystal Palace, June 15th, 1854."

M. Jullien addressed the audience. He was unprepared for an event so flattering and gratifying. He lacked words to express the profound pleasure he felt. When he first came to this country he knew he had many difficulties to encounter, and he did not expect gain. He came in obedience to a destiny which was inexorable. He believed that every event of life was regulated by destiny; every human being, every atom of dust, every action, animate or inanimate, was influenced by that law. It had been his destiny to popularize music; first in France, then in England, lastly in America.

M. Jullien then referred slightly to his career in America, availing himself of the opportunity to pass a merited eulogium on the works of Messrs. Fry and Bristow, gentlemen of whose genius, fancy and science he, M. Jullien, had no doubt. In conclusion, he spoke in terms of the highest admiration of America and Americans, asked a comprehensive blessing on the nation and its people, and referred confidently to that dread day when, stretched on a bed of sickness and death, he would turn uneasily to the sun as he sunk in the far-off West, and with his last breath pray God to bless all his friends in America.

We are unable to do anything like justice to M. Jullien's remarks, for the crowd, noise and enthusiasm were constant interruptions. The speech, however, was unique and happy; metaphysical and prophetic; grateful and fatherly. In short, it was Jullienesque, slightly Barnumesque.

We were informed that forty thousand persons were present.

No one can grudge Jullien his laurels. He certainly deserved a compliment for the peculiar talent, tact, and unremitting energy which he has shown in the cause of popular musical entertainment. Yet there are some features of this "Laureate" and "Congress" business, which must excite a smile in really artistic circles both here and abroad. When the time comes for a true national festival or jubilee of Art in this country, we apprehend it will be under very different auspices from Jullien or Barnum. Fifteen hundred singers, drawn together by Barnumbian inducements, or thirty thousand auditors, of the class who find a great piece of musical clap-trap, like the "Fireman's Quadrille" more edifying than the classical works which add a nominal dignity to the programme, may crown the master spirit of their splendid holiday with all propriety. But would the real artists, think you, those who sincerely cherish musical Art in the spirit of the world's great masters, unite in making such a man their laureate, their master type and representative of what is highest and most true in Art? There was a certain cool assurance, when one comes to think about it, in the way in which the invitation was put forth, exhorting every artist and musician to hasten to New York, there to enrol himself a loyal subject under the auspice

of this great chief. Perhaps we have no artists in this country who are as great in their way, as Jullien is in his way; none who can organize monster concerts, keep up a perpetual blaze of musical fireworks and effects, and always draw and please the multitude, as he does. But there are artists here and there who study and practice music as an Art, and not as a means of dazzling, momentary effects, whose sphere is as much higher than his, as it is more modest and less captivating to the crowd. Jullien has conducted his two or three thousand "monster concerts" in Europe: but how would the real artists of Europe, the men through whom the world knows that there is such a thing as Art, as distinguished from mere cheap routine and clap-trap,—how would they treat such an invitation to enrol themselves under the Napoleon of monster concerts, the great composer of Quadrilles, and crown him as their laureate? Observe, it would be supposing men like Mendelssohn and Cherubini, (were they living), and Schubert and Schumann, and Chopin and Liszt and Wagner, and Rossini, and Meyerbeer and Auber, and Jenny Lind and Grisi and Sontag, &c., uniting to proclaim a Jullien their head. Does not every one see that the success of the Barnum and Jullien "Congress" as a colossal holiday amusement and display is one thing; and that the success of a really high festival of Art would be quite another thing? We should require some Mendelssohn or Mozart to be chief of that,—if not in the sense of actual mechanical conductorship, at all events in the sense of animating and presiding genius, of overshadowing "auspices." Such a festival would probably be less showy, less multitudinous, for many years to come; but its triumph would be an Art triumph; the satisfaction it would give would be an artistic, spiritual satisfaction, and its effect be rare in quality as well as magnitude.

It is the temptation and tendency of a nation used to such rapid and gigantic material expansion, as ours is, to assume its own omnipotence to carry through all sorts of schemes, and imitate and beat (in the mere outward scale of magnitude, rapidity, &c.,) whatever fine things we see done in Europe, even when our genius and taste for such is barely in the embryonic stage of manifestation. It is far easier to have great festivals than it is to have good ones. The former depend chiefly upon business talent; the latter upon artistic genius and artistic culture. The Crystal Palace Congress was an encouraging display of the musical materials and resources in our country. It was valuable as a foreshining suggestion of the Art festivals we shall have when we are an Art-loving people. It was valuable, too, for its assertion of the democratic, popular element as an essential of all true cultivation of the Fine Arts in America. But it was not a fact to be once mentioned in the same category with the great musical festivals in Germany and England. We find much that we endorse, therefore, in the following, from the thoughtful critic of the *Courier & Enquirer*:

It was gratifying to see such an evidence of the appreciation which Mons. Jullien's efforts have met. It shows that there is an increasing love for music, not only among those who have much leisure for its cultivation, but among the mass of the public. Mons. Jullien has ministered to that growing taste on a grand scale. He has given us the opportunity of hearing both such masses of musical sound, and such a union of first rate

instrumental artists, as were unknown to us before his arrival upon our shores. We are not of those who think that Mons. Jullien has much merit as a composer, or those who regard his visit as likely to do much to extend or to cultivate a taste for music among us. His merit, according to our appreciation, is strictly limited to a knowledge and mastery of effect, and the benefit of his performances, in our judgment, terminates exactly with the present pleasure which they afford. Our musical sentiment is not elevated, our musical taste not refined by such performances; any more than our taste for painting would be cultivated by having Raffael's pictures made colossal, or than our dramatic taste was elevated by seeing Richard III. put upon the stage by Mr. Charles Kean with men enough to look like a real army. Dexterity has little to do with taste;—dimension nothing. But as a master of effect, Mons. Jullien is consummate; in his control over his material, both personal and acoustic, he is unsurpassed, and, we believe, unsurpassable. As a musical director and conductor, we doubt that there has ever been his equal. He has some peculiar ways, to which we have before alluded, of managing the public as well as his orchestra, but let that pass; this is not the occasion on which we would criticize them. We owe him much pleasure, and heartily wish that his pecuniary success had been more worthy of his remarkable talent and his indomitable energy. Should he return he will be heartily welcomed.

DEATH OF SONTAG.—This melancholy news, by the cruel speed and brevity of a one-line telegraphic despatch, has already reached every music-lover in this hemisphere; and will quickly, in advance of letters, reach in the same way the children, friends and admirers of the mother, the lady and the artist in her home beyond the ocean. There is some discrepancy in the subsequent despatches. Some state that she died by cholera in Vera Cruz, on her way back to the United States, with the intention of preparing a series of English operatic performances, for which her agent is at present enlisting a company in Europe. Others, with more show of probability, state that Mme. Sontag was to have appeared in Mexico on the 11th inst. as Lucrezia Borgia, that she was prevented by a sudden attack of cholera, which proved fatal on the 17th or 18th, and that she was buried with great solemnity, all the members of the Philharmonic Society, of her own troupe and the principal citizens and visitors of the place attending the funeral.

A melancholy end indeed of a most brilliant and remarkable career. HENRIETTA SONTAG, one of the world's greatest singers, one of the classical names in the history of lyrical Art for the last thirty years; a contemporary of Weber and of Beethoven, who under the latter's personal instruction studied the soprano parts in the "Fidelio" and the "Choral Symphony;" the accomplished lady, that was the pride and ornament of European society; the devoted wife and mother; now after twenty years retirement renewing her artistic triumphs and extending them into new worlds, in the fond effort to repair her husband's fortunes and provide a genial future for her children; she perseveres, only to find a cold grave in a remote, strange land, far beyond the old recognized boundaries of the world of Art and Song! The loss to music and the world we need not calculate. One of the stars that shed a sweet and harmonizing influence upon a warring, cold and mercenary world, is set. Humanity can ill afford the loss of a great artist!

METHODS FOR THE PIANO FORTE.—The rapidity with which one new Instruction Book succeeds another, in this enterprising day of music publishing and advertising and puffing, must be sorely puzzling and bewildering to those who seek to make themselves pianists. One reads the eager and persuasive little quasi-editorial paragraphs, that appear every few days in all the newspapers,

informing him, as a matter of the most vital public importance, that a new "Method" or "School" for the piano is just out, and that it is by far the best that ever yet appeared, and he can scarcely help exclaiming: *What is the need?* and when will there be an end of newest and best "Methods"? Why is not one good one, as good as a hundred? Really, so far as the interests of music are concerned, (leaving the publishers to judge of their own pecuniary interests,) this business is terribly overdone,—almost as much so as the manufacturing of psalm-tunes. The rival advertisements of such Method makers and publishers are amusing and afford a curious comment on the times; such things lead one to suspect that the great art lies more in the advertising than in the making of the book.

The last new candidate for favor in this line is fortunately one which we can sincerely recommend, not doubting that it is bound to find its way into very general acceptance by virtue of its own merits and in spite of puffing advertisements. We allude to JULIUS KNORR's revision or rather his complete reproduction of A. E. MÜLLER's Method, translated from the German by G. A. SCHMITT. The translator we know to be one of the most earnest, conscientious and thinking order of music-teachers; a pupil of Wieck (the father of Clara Schumann); a man sincerely averse to all superficiality and humbug, and alive to the higher considerations of Art.

The value of Knorr's instructive works has been fully explained in this Journal, and tested by many teachers in his "Materials, &c." republished by G. P. Reed & Co. In the present work, published by Mr. Ditson, we have Knorr's complete system, based upon the older work of Müller. It is one of those thorough, conscientious German books, which it is a satisfaction to get hold of. Every thing is well defined, well illustrated and well ordered; the exercises are tasteful and attractive; and the matter of *fingering*, to which one half the book is devoted, is reduced to a complete system. The frequent reference to pieces suitable for practice on a given point is an important feature. This will be found carried out in a much fuller scale, in Knorr's "Guide for Teachers," a little work which is soon to follow, and which lays down a complete course of musical reading, from the simplest to the most classical and difficult compositions for the piano. In this "Method" the German text is given upon each page underneath the English.

MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY.—At a meeting of this society on Monday evening, June 26, being the first held as an incorporated body, a new Constitution and code of By-laws, was, after much discussion, adopted and ordered to be printed. The following officers were chosen:

President, B. F. Edmands; Vice President, George Kutz; Recording Secretary, M. N. Boyden; Corresponding Secretary, I. D. Brewer; Treasurer, Robert Kemp; Librarian, Wm. C. Durant. Directors: S. A. Stetson, H. Hitchings, J. D. W. Joy, W. L. Brown, W. H. Badger.

Messrs. Lowell Mason, Geo. J. Webb, Herr Carl Bergmann and Mons. Jullien were also elected as honorary members.

We understand that this Society is in a very flourishing condition, having purchased about \$300 worth of music for their Library, and also paid their current expenses, from the proceeds of the first season.

Advertisements.

G. ANDRÉ & CO.
FOREIGN MUSIC DEPOT,
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July 1

MUSICAL NOTICE.

T. BRICHER, Teacher of the Organ, Piano-Forte and Singing, having closed his connection as Organist of the Bowdoin Square Church, has removed to No. 7½ Tremont Row, where he will be happy to receive applications for his services as Organist and Teacher of Music. Je 24

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
No. 30 ASH STREET, BOSTON.

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